





BLACK FURY

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THE GRIZZIDI WAS RARE IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM - THEY WERE MOSTIVI FISH EATERS, OCCASIONALID DINING ON BERRIES AND INSECTS! BUT THREE TOE WAS A MEAT - EATER.





OID THREE TOE LIKED FRESH MEAT. BUT HE WAS TO SLON TO RUN DOWN HIS ON GAME! IT IS ONE OF NATURE'S MYSTERIES HON HE AND THE RENEGADE WOLF EVER GOT TOGETHER ! THE GRIZZIN, AN ADEPT FISHERMAN, PROVIDED FISH FOR THE LOBO ...





THE WOLF HAD TO FILFILL HIS SHARE OF THE BARGAIM A A FAST, CUMMING HUNTER, HE DROVE THE GAME INTO THE WAITING MONSTER...









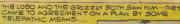
THE KING OF THE WILD BUNCH SENSED THEIR EVIL ALLIANCE - HE DROVE THE STRAGGLERS FROM HIS RAMADA BACK TO SAFETY...



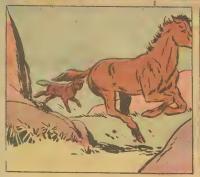
HE HAD NO TROUBLE WITH THE MARE - BUT THE COLT BROKE AWAY AGAIN . PLAYING HIS BABY GAMES WITH THE BIG BEAR ...



















THE HOOFBEATS OF BLACK FURY SOUNDED LIKE A CONTINUOUS ROAR AS HE RACED NEARER! WOULD HE GET THERE IN TIME ?





NINE HUNDRED POUNDS OF GRIZZIV. SLEEK MUSCLE AND HEAVY BONE POISED FOR THE BATTLE! THE ODDS WERE HEAVILY IN THE BEAR'S FAVOR...





THE GRIZZIM WAS HURT -- IF BLACK FURY COULD HAVE KEPT AT HIM, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN COM-PLETEIN DEFEATED! BUT THE LOBO WAS IN THAT FIGHT TOO...









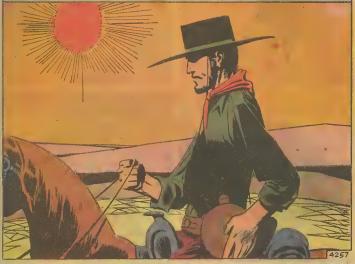
THE RENEGADE GRIZZIT AND THE IOBO MODIFIED WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN ON BLACK FURNIS RANGE, THE GRIZZIT THAT NUMED ALONE WASN'T BOTHERED BY THE STALLON AND THE WOULD STANLON AND THE BOHND.



THAT WAS THE SUMMER OF NO RAIN! THE SUMMER WHEN THE HOT SUN SEEMED TO BE TRYING TO SUCK EVERY LAST DROP OF MOISTURE OUT OF THE SCORCHEP SMOKING EARTH! THE SUMMER OF THE ...

FATAL RENDEZVOUS!

JEFF DURKIN KEPT SMILING CRUELLY AS HE MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE MEETING PLACE! HE KEPT PATTING THE WELL-FILLED CANTEEN SLOSHING AT HIS SIDE...



OUT OF GIGHT, JUST OVER THE RISE, BLACK FURY STOOD GUARD OVER HIS GAUNT, TONGLE SWOLLEN MANADA! THE GREAT STALLION'S EYES ROLLED AS HE GNORTED WORRIEDLY...



HIS MARES NEEDED WATER/ IF THEY WERE TO SURVIVE, HE HAD TO LEAD THEM TO ANOTHER RANGE! BUT THE ENDLESS THIRST HAP SAPPED HIS STRENGTH. HE FELT SO WEAK...SO LISTLESS...



IT WAS THEN THAT DURKIN'S MOUNT, STAGGERING BECAUSE IT WAS UNDER-WATERED, STEPPED INTO A GOPHER HOLE



TARNATION! LEG'S BUSTED ... I'LL HAVE TO WALK IT TO THE MEETING PLACE!

... BUT THEY'LL BE THERE! I'LL BET ANY-THING THEY'RE THERE ALREADY! AND I'LL BET ANYTHING THAT IF NEED BE ... THEY'D WAIT A FULL MONTH FOR ME TO SHOW UP!



DURKIN WOULD HAVE WON HIS FIRST BET! THEY WITH WHOM HE HAD ARRANGED THE RENDEZVOUS, WERE THERE ALREADY...

WHEN HE BOON WILL TELL WILL

AND WHEN WE HAVE THE RIFLES, WE WILL MAKE THE PALLEFACES PAY IN FULL FOR THE LAND THEY HAVE STOLEN FROM US!



THE HEARTS OF OUR GODS ARE FILLED WITH ANGER BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FROM OUR LAND! THAT IS WHY THERE HAS BEEN NO RAIN... BECAUSE OUR GODS ARE ANGERED!



DURKIN SMILED AS HE PRANK HIS FUEL...
HIS MIND WAS UNCLOUDED BY THOUGHT'S OF THE MANY WHO WOLLD DIE IN THE INDIAN WAR RESULTANT UPON HIS KEEPING THE FATAL, REHIDEZ VOUS! ALL DURKIN THOUGHT



MEANWHILE, OVER THE RISE, BLACK FURY'S NOSTRILS FLARED AS HE SNIFFED THE SCENT OF WATER IN THE SUN-SCORCHED SKY!



AT THE SAME MOMENT, FROM THE NEAR BY FOOTHILLS, ROBE THE LONG DRAWN OUT SOBBING WAIL OF A PACK OF THIRBT-CRAZED WOLVES!



THE WOLVES MUST HAVE FLUNG THEM-SELVES AT THE BUFFALO HERD GRAZING NEAR THE BASE OF THE HILLS! THE HUGE BUFFALOES, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, PAN-ICKED! AND WHEN DURKIN SAW THEM.



PURKIN'S FINGERS WERE SHAKING AS HE CORKED HIS CANTEEN ...



BUT FEAR BLINDED HIM! AND SO ...



BLACK FURY HAD MOVED TO THE CREST OF THE RIGE, INTENT ON TRACKING DOWN THE WATER SCENT! BUT THEN HE SAW THE THUDERING HERD, AND HEARD A LIVING CREATURE CRYING PITEOUSLY!















PURKIN'S MIND WAS UNCLOUDED BY GRATI-TUDE! ALL DURKIN THOUGHT VAE... IT'S ALL MINE! SIT DRAT YOU! BIT! I'M NOT SHARING MY WATER WITH ANYBODY! BLACK FURY REARED, STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN OUT BURSTY! AND JEFF PURSTNY. CRINGING FEARFULLY AT THE SIGHT OF FLALING HOOSE, FELL BACK ONTO HIS HIP WHERE HE WORE THE CANTEEN! THE WELL FILLED CANTEEN THAT HE HAD CORKED SO HURRIEDFLY JUST BEFORE THE REGULE!







IGNORING THE MAN'S SOBS, PEELING THAT HE COULD HELP HIM ON MORE THAN HE HAP, BLACK FURY TROTTED OFF, AND NOW THE GREAT STALLION WAS MINNING JOYOLSY, FOR THE WATER HE HAD DRUNN HAD GIVEN HIM THE STRENGTH HAD GIVEN THE TRANGE OWN HIM MARES WOULD SURVIVE.



PURKIN WOULD HAVE WON HIS SECOND BET TOO! FOR THE INDIANS DID WAIT A FULL WONTH BEFORE LEAV-ING THE RENDEZVOUS SITE!

PURKIN WE WERE WRONG!
WILL
WILL
WILL
WANT UP TO MAKE
COME!
WANT UP TO MAKE
WAR AGAINST THE
PALEFACES! IF
THEY DID...



THE MEN WHO BELIEVED THEY WERE HORSES



SILIACO AND SANDIESO WERE BROTHERS!
THEIRS WAS THE PAPAGO TRIBE, AND
THEIR VILLAGE WAS TECOLOTE, WAERE
AS BOYS THEY SEEMED NO DIFFERSHT
EROM ANY OF THEIR FRIENDS!



EVEN WHEN THEY REACHED MANHOOD.
THERE WAS STILL NO HINT OF THE
AMAZING CHANGE THAT WAS TO COME
OVER THEM! SURELY, SANDIEGO'S BRIDE
HAD NO HINT!





THE BROTHERS HAD MANY TIS WATCHED AND ADMIRED THE MUSTA' ROUNS, IN THE BOODER DESERT NEAR TECOLOTE! BUT SO HAD ALL THE YOUNG MEN IN THE TRIBE! THAT TOO WAS NO HINT!





BOTH HE AND HIS BROTHER, SILIACO, HAVE THROWN AWAY THEIR CLOTHES! THEY HAVE GONE TO RUN WITH THE WILD HORSES!





A SEARCH PARTY WAS ORGANIZED! BUT THE TWO BROTHERS SEEMED TO HAVE VANISHED FROM THE PACE OF THE EARTH! THEN SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...





SCHETIMES RUNNING WITH THE SAME MANADA, SOMETIMES WITH DIFFERENT ONES, THEY EVEN GALLOPED AND TROTTED LIKE HORSES! THEY SMIPFED THE WILD WIND LIKE THEM, AND DRANK ON ALL FOURS!



NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO EXPLAIN WHY THE MUSTAPOS ACCEPTED THEM AS ONE OF THEIR OWN! ALTHOUGH OPDINARILY THE MERE SCENT OF A MAN WAS BNOWN TO SEND THEM FLESING, THEY PERMITTED THE BROTHEST TO RUN RIGHT IN THEIR MIDST.



SINCE THEY COULD NOT LIVE ON GRASS ALONE, IT IS BELIEVED THAT THEY KEPT ALIVE ON A DIET OF MESQUITE BBANS, CHALLA BUDS AND FRUIT, BDANS, CHALLA BUDS AND FRUIT,



THE PAPAGOS HAD ALWAYS BEEN FAMBO AS A SWIFT RUNNING PEOPLE! THE TWO BROTHERS NEVER FELL BEHING! THEY KEPT UP WITH THE WILD HORSES WHEREVER THEY RAN!



BUT THE DAY CAME WHEN SILIACO WAS CAUGHT BY A MEXICAN VAQUERO!



WHEN THE ROPE TIGHTENED AROUND THE MAN WHO BELIEVED HE WAS A HORES, HE PLINGED AND TWISTED AS ANY WILD MUSTANG FACED WITH THE PROSPECT OF LOGING HIS PREEDOM, WOULD HAVE.

















MEANWHILE, SANDISGO, THE BROTHER WHO HAD TAKEH A WIFE JUST BEFORE RUNNING AWAY, RETURNED OF HIS OWN FREE WILL ONE DAY TO THE VILLAGE OF TECOLOTE!



IT WAS IF HE HAD NEVER LEFT! AS IF THE DARK INTERLUDE HAD BEEN OHLY A DREAM!



NOT DYCE IN THE LONG YBARS STILL LEFT HIM DO SANDIEGO BYCE SPEAK OF THE MADE WHEN HE HAD RUN WITH THE WILD HORSES! AND HIS TRESEMBLY WERE NOT THE SOT TO QUERY A MAN ABOUT SOMETHING HE SEEMED RELUCTANT TO DISCUSS!



BUT HIS TRIBESMEN NOTED THAT NEVER WOULD SANDIBGO RIDE A HORSE OR YOKE ONE TO A WASON OR PLOW...





Calf Keeper

Get yourself a big old time wall map of Texas. Since it is a wall map, you have to hang it or paste it on the wall. Do this at once. Then get a pencil, close both eyes tightly and with the point of the pencil make a dot on that map of Texas — anywhere; it doesn't really matter where. Old Bill Thompson used to say that once you did this all you had to do was to put a woman in that spot. Then things would happen. Believe me, he was right.

Back in the early days of ranches down in Tesas, each man had a lot of ground for himself and his cattle. His problem was to have grass for those cattle. If he found people beginning to move around him and grass getting mighty scarce, he knew what to do. He would gather the cattle together, notify the foreman, and start moving around to a new range.

But there came a time when open range land began to get scarce. So the ranchers started to use some common sense. They had to get rogether. Dave Winslow called the first meeting of the ranchers and they came over to his place.

He explained the idea.

"There's going to come a time," he began,
"when the end of free land in Texas can wreck
the cattlemen. Suppose we draw up a hig district. We get together. Let our cattle go over
the entire district. That means the cartle from
the Bar-H can go over on the land of the LazyQ. Then in spring we select a general superintendent of round-ups.

We round up all the cattle that have drifted away from their proper ranges during the winter. We brand the calves and drive the cattle. back to their own range. Then we also have a fall round-up to get the cattle we may have overlooked or who have drifted away from the range. However, when we take the cattle to market, each ranch runs by isself."

The men talked about the idea. Colonel Jim Harrison clinched the marter by a simple state-

"Either we stick together, or we fall alone."
The details were worked out by a committee.
When the day came for the first general round
up, each outfit sent from one to six men. The
ig outfits sent a chuck wagon drawn by four
or six mules. There were crowds of cowboys
with their herds nf cow ponies. By the end of
the first day you could spot from fifteen to
twenty chuck wagons and about three hundred
and fifty cowboys.

For three days the cowboys worked rounding up and cutting out the different herds. Dave Winslow was on his horse, when Mike Gallagher, his foreman rode over to him.

"There's a dame on horseback. She has about four old men with her. She wants to see the top man. Has a complaint. And wait till you listen to her. Only a dame could figure that one out."

Dave Winslow followed his foreman for about a mile and then stopped. He found himself facing a young girl of about twenty two at the most. She was wearing a green skirt and hrown shipt. Her hair was jet hlack and tied in a knot. Four old men were mounted on rather tired specimens of horseflesh.

"Dave Winslow of the Lazy-Q Ranch, at

your service," he said.

"I am Ruth Connelly," was all she said.

And that was all she had to say. For that
meant she was the daughter of the late General

meant she was the daughter of the fate General Roger Connelly, C.S.A. And it also meant she had reopened his home and was again on the large section of land he had owned.

"My foreman said you have a complaint to make. Tell it to me and I'll see what we can do about it," continued Dave Winslow.

"I just think you and the other ranchers are heartless," she began. "You have a perfect legal right to collect and separate your cattle. But you have no moral right to let those little calves wander away to die or be killed by wolves. Nor do you care about the weak cartle. That's cruel."

"No it isn't," contradicted the ranch owner. "That's the way of life. They are animals. They are here for our use. We don't have to worry

about them."

"That's the wrong artitude," she snapped back. "But I'm not going to argue with you. Get me permission to gather up all your stray caives. I'll take them over to my property and take care of them. They have a right to live."

The foreman looked at his boss's face. Just shows you what one woman could do. She was getting the young man to help her. Dave Winslow spoke to Mike Gallagher.

"Go back to camp and tell the other men about this. We'll stay here awhile and then we

will ride in."

The foreman rode ahead and warned the other ranchers. At first they roared with laughter.

laughter.
"You mean she's serious," jested Ton

Ducy.

"If she is anything like her father, then she'll get her way," said the foreman. "I think

those four old men must have served with her

father in the war."

Dave Winslow escorted Ruth Connelly: to the camp where she and her men were fed. And the ranch owners gave her not only permission to gather in the stray calves and weak cattle, but also to keep them. She left with her men and soon the cowboys went ahead with their work.

For the next four days, Dave Winslow did not see her at all. The cattle round up was to the south. The strays were up north. And Ruth's private round up was progressing satis, factory. She was at the Pecos river when suddenly old Slim Barrows pointed to the advancing group of mounted Indians. She showed no sign of fear. The men with her were armed but they never would have stood a chance against the band of about one hundred and fifty well armed redskins. The leader came up to her.

"What you doing here?" he asked.

She explained her mission and he looked at the poor little calves. His face was expres-

'Why you kind?" he asked.

"If all of us did one little deed of kindness, it would be a much better world," she replied. "My hraves help you," was all he said.

The chief went back to his braves and soon they were riding in all directions -- except to the south. And they were efficient for they returned soon with a large herd of protesting calves.

"I can give you some bags of cornmeal and also two cows for you and your hraves," she told the Indian chief. "My place is on the other

side of the river."

The Indians brought the calves to her place. They took three bags of cornmeal and left at night. Before the Indian chief rode away he had this to say to her:

"They say Indian is a cruel man. That he

to live in peace. We do not think that kindness is a sign of weakness. It is a sign of a big person."

And with that he and his braves rode away. Ruth and her men were busy for the next week taking care of the calves and the weak cattle. Then Dave Winslow rode up to her house. He was accompanied by Major Howard Rudbagh and a company of mounted soldiers.

"One of your men came to town and bought supplies," explained Dave Winslow. "He told us about your meeting with the Indian chief. And how he and his men helped you. Have you any idea who he happens to be?"

'Just a very nice Indian," was her reply. "Geronimo," said the Major. "That's the first time in his life he ever did a good deed. And it saved him from capture. We were on his trail. But this time he has cut across to Mexico and is safe from pursuit by troops. You see he detoured to help you and that threw us off his trail."

Ruth almost fainted but Dave caught her in time. When he held her in his arms, he knew right then and there, that a wife was needed around his ranch. Furthermore that she was the only girl for him. It took him a month after the round-up to convince her that she should change her name to Winslow. But upon one point she was very insistent.

"You and every cowboy on the ranch must

promise to be kind to all animals."

When they heard how kind Geronimo had been, not one refused to take the promise. Later, when Geronimo was at peace and back again on this side of the border, he referred to her as "Calf Keeper." For the next two decades the ranch was one of the largest and best known in Texas.

She certainly was some woman, that only daughter of General Connelly. And I have some youthful memories of her, as she also







THERE IS NO OTHER CHASM ON EARTH THAT CAN MATCH EITHER THE GRAND CANYON'S GIGANTIC SIZE OR ITS UNGLIMPSED MYSTERIES! AND THE MOST AMAZING AND SPECTACULAR OF ALL THE SECRETS EVER TO BE WRENCHED FROM THE GIANT CHASM'S INVERMOST RECESSES, IS

The CANYON of the LITTLE HORSES



THIS IS NOT FICTION! THIS IS TRUE!
THOSE MIDGET STALLIONS, MARES AND
POALS ARE STILL ROAMING THEIR CAY.
SEALED-OFF SHADOWY RANGE TOOA!
SUT PRECISELY WHERE THE RANGE
LIEB, IN THE GRAND CANYON'S LABYRINTHINE RECESSES, REMAINS A SECRET
KNOWN ONLY TO THE SUPAI INDIANG AND
A FEW WHITE HUNTERS!



UACK TOOKER, A HUNTER AND WRITER, WAS THE FIRST FROM "THE OUTSIDE WORLD" TO HEAR OF THE CANYON FROM HIS GOOD FRIEND, CHIEF SUBAI SMILEY,

THE WORDS I'M ABOUT TO SPEAK, YOU MUST SWEAR TO TELL NO ONE ELSE UNTIL AFTER I AM DEAD!



MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO,
AS THE PALEFACES KEEP TRACK OF TIME,
I ALONE WAS ATTACKED BY A PARTY
OF HOSTILE APACHES AS I RODE WITH
THREE HORSES, A PINTO STALLION, AND
A BUCKSKIN MARE AND HER COLT
TOWARD THE SUPAI VILLAGE
DEEP INTO THE CANYON!





I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE MY THREE HORSES IN ONE OF THE NUMBERLESS SMALL CANYONS THAT LIE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GIANT-FATHER OF ALL CANYONS!

THERE IS WATER AND GRASS HERE! I SHALL RETURN FOR MY HORSES, WHEN THE APACHES HAVE GONE!





"... BUT NOW MANY MOONS HAD PASSED SINCE THE APACHES HAD RETURNED TO THEIR HOMELAND! AND I WAS STILL IN MY VILLAGE!"

THERE HAS BEEN TOO MUCH SNOW! I MUST WAIT UNTIL SPRING TO GO BACK FOR MY THREE HORSES!



"AND EVEN AS I WAITED... UNKNOWN TO ME, BACK AT THE CANYON, A ROCK SLIDE WAS BLOTTING OUT THE TEAL LEADING DOWN TO THE CANYON FLOOR, SEALED THE CANYON FOREVER".





ALL THIS THE OLD CNISE TOLD UIM TOOKER, AND HE EVEN TOOK HIM TO THE CANYON!

...MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PASSED! BY NOW THE LITTLE HORSES ARE SACRED GOO-SYMBOLS TO MY PEOPLE! DO NOT PORCET YOUR PROMISE TO TELL NO ONE ELSE OF THEM UNTIL AFTER I AM DEAD!



AS JIM TOOKER STARED DOWN AT THE TINY "LOST WORLD" HE REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED! FOR OVER A MUNDRED YEARS NOW AS THE HORSES HAD KEPT CHANGING TO MEET THE VERY SPECIAL. DEMANDS ON THEIR SHOWNED, BECOMING EVER SMALLER AND MORE WIRY, MORE LIKE MOUNTAIN SHEEP WITH SVERY NEW GENERATION!



THE CANYON LAY ALWAYS IN SHADOW!
ALL LIFE THERE WAS STUNTED! THE
SOIL LACKED THE CALCIUM REQUIRED
FOR NORMAL GROWTH!



BECAUSE OF THE CLOSE INBREEDING, AND THE LACK OF PREDATORS TO KILL OFF THE WEAK, MANY "FREAKS" HAD SURVIVED AMONG THE HORSES, AND HAD PASSED ON THEIR STRANGE CHARACTERISTICS!







TOOKER HAD ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD FRIEND OF THE SUPAIS! THEY FRANKSON TO VISIT THE BECRET CANYON ONE TIME! THEY EVEN SENT A PARTY OF BRAVES TO HELP HIM!



BUT THE MIDGET MUSTANGS WERE EVEN WILDER AND WARIER THAN THEIR







KEPT ALIVE ON A DIET FEATURING CALCIUM AND VITAMIN B, THE AMAZING LITTLE HORSES WERE ORIVEN TO CALIFORNIA...



.. WHERE THEY WERE EXHIBITED AT THE GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION!

DESPITE CONSTANT CARE THE THREE DESPITE CONSTANT CARE THE TARES MARVELS OF NATURE WERE DEAD INSIDE A YEAR! THEIR BODIES WERE STUFFED... AND CAN STILL BE SEEN IN A CALIFORNIA MUSEUM!



AND NOWHERE ELGE! FOR WHEN TO THE TOOKER TRIED CANYON

NO! THE LITTLE HORSES ARE SACRED TO OUR TRIBE! YOU MUST NEVER GO THERE AGAIN!



AND SO UNTIL THIS DAY THE LITTLE HORSES ARE ROAMING THER SECRET RANGE! UNTIL THIS DAY... DROWING SMALLER AND STRANGER WITH EVERY NEW GENERATION!



THE SON OF BLACK FURY

THE MANADA WAS HALFWAY ACROSS THE RIVER BED WHEN SUDDENLY BLACK FURY BENSED DANGER! WHEELING AND SCREAMING THE STATELLY BLUNGED AMONG HIS MARES AND COLTS, LASHING OUT AT THEM WITH HIS LEES.







THE MARES RESPONDED, TURNING IN TIME TO SAVE THEMSELVES! BUT ONE YOUNG COLT, BLACK PURY'S FAVORITE, PLOUNDERED FOR WARP WITH A STUBBORN RECKLESSNESS!



THE COLT WAS ALREADY DOWN TO HIS SHOULDERS, AND SINKING STEADILY IN THE TERRIBLE BOG! THERE WAS NOTHING BLACK FURY COULD DO! HE COULD NOT EVEN COME CLOSE! THE STALLION-FATHER WATCHED, NICKERING SOFTLY WITH SORROW, ,,



IT WAS THEN THAT OLD PEDRO VELASQUEZ HAPPENED BY ON HIS BURRO! OLD PEDRO WHO HAD ALWAYS YEARNED TO OWN A HORSE...



NEVER BEFORE HAD OLD PEDRO MOVED BO SWIFTLY! LOOPING THE COLT, HE SPURRED HIS BURRO BACK....



ALREADY BLACK FURY WAS EDGING



BUT THE COLT, PANICKED BY HIS CLOSE BRUSH WITH PEATH, FLOUNDERED UP THE STEEP SLIPPERY BANK AND FELL HEAVILY!





THE COLT CALLED TO BLACK FURY IN SOFT BEGGING WHINNIES! HE KEPT TRYING TO SCRAMBLE UP...



ALL NIGHT WHILE PEDRO WAS GONE THE COLT LAY THERE WITH BLACK FURY, STANDING OVER HIM, NUZZLING HIM FONDLY,,,



IT WAS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING WHEN BLACK FURY, SUDDENLY SNIFFING MAN-SCENT, BOUNDED SIDEWAYS AND THEN TROTTED AWAY, LOOKING BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER...



PEDRO HAS RETURNED ... PEDRO HAS BROUGHT WITH HIM A WAGON FILLED WITH WHAT IS NEEDED TO MAKE YOU





Cash In Quick On New Shoe Craze!



Want Plenty of Money? Just show young men, college or high school students Anterica's newest, hottest shoe craze Mason Kampus King, They go wild over colorful school letter or personal initial right on each shoe. You take easy orders collect cash deposits -get big Bonuses and Prizes every month you work space time or full time.

Your customers choose from 121 different combinations of colors and letters. Ideal for schools, colleges, fraternities, bands, etc

Mason Men have made hig money for half a century-but now a whole new market is open to them. This exciting new situe style can be yout private "gold name". No wonder the Kampus King sells on sight to organizations, marching units, students, and "hep-indeviduals. No wonder your first sale will start such an "endless chaim" of sales and profits, because this is the kind of NEW IDEA young tolks go for BIG!

You Offer 210 Fast-Selling

Yes, here's a wonderful business for you, if

you want to make really important money with a fine you can sell to everybody—if you want steady cash profits every month. And you never invest one cent—we futnish everything FREE, so you can start raking in profits your very hist hour! No rent to pay -no light

Ambitious man wanted in every town, to eath orders for these Nationally Advettised shoes he made \$93.55 in ONE EVENING! Fred Mapes ntakes \$5.00 to \$10 every hour he de-votes to his Mason Shoe Business Charley Tuttle averages over \$80 extra weekly nt pare time. How much do YOU want to make?

People PREFER to buy from you as the local Mason Shoe Counselor. You offer at-home or at work convenience no store can match. Your customets get the stre they want, because you work, sport shoes in sizes from 21/2 to 15widths from extra-natrow AAAA to extrawide EEEE. Famous Ait-Cushion insole shoes give supreme comfort, so you get plenty of repeat orders and recommendations

You make a LOT of money with amazing Ripple Sole shoes with revolutionary new kind of sole that bas shock-reducing gliding action -- forward thrust with every step



EVERYTHING FURNISHED THEE



INSULATED Jacket Boot Combinations, Warnt, INSULATED jacket-and-boot combinations make a tremendous htt with outdoor workers, sportsmen-make big chunks of extra cash for Mason salesmen Women's jackets as well as men's now multiply your opportunities with this fine FREE line. Every factory worker, poseman, policeman, garage and service station man is your prospect with Mason's complete line of sturdy, long-weating, super-comfort WORK SHOES, which can be worth as much as \$45

extra weekly, bestde your regular profits from your mens' and womens dress shoe business SHOE MFG. CO.

Dept.F100, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

	NG O	

Musen Shee Mig Co., Deal. F-100 Chinapwe Falls, Wiscans

OK, Nedt I want to make exita space time money fast—up to \$960 a manth for 8 orders a day. Rush EVERYTHING I need to start—FREE and POSTPAIDI

Addrass ...

IT WILL TAKE TIME BUT YOU WILL WALK! STRAIGHT AND PRANCE PROUDLY AGAIN! PROUDER THAN ANY HORSE MY COUSING HAVE EVER SEEN! AND YOU WILL BE MINE... AT LAST OLD PEDRO WILL OWN J.



T WAS AFTERNOON ALREADY BY THE TIME HE HAD THE COLT STANDING... AND MANY MORE HOURS PASSED WHILE HE STRAPPED A SPLINT ON THE BROKEN LEG!











THE COLT HAP ALWAYS KNOWN HIS FATHER-STALLION TO BE NEARBY, BUT NOT UNTIL THIS PAY HAP HE FELT STRONG AND SURE-FOOTED ENOUGH TO BREAK AWAY FROM,



IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE ... PEDRO MUST DIE AS HE HAS LIVED, NEVER HAVING OWNED A FINE HORSE! THE COLT HAS REJOINED THE MANADA!



BUT BEFORE ANOTHER TEAR COULD LEAK DOWN FROM OLD PEPRO'S SORROW DIMMED



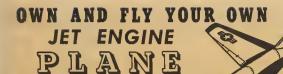


HE HAP BEEN BLACK FURY'S FAVORITE COLT. BUT IF NOT FOR OLD PEPRO, HE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN ALIVE NOW...OR IF ALIVE WOULD HAVE BEEN LAME AND FLEBLE, GENSING THIS, AND SENSING THE OLD MAN'S YEARNING, BLACK FURY DELIVERED THE COLT BACK TO PEPRO.









JETEX JET ENGINE AND JETEX "SKYFIGHTER"

PLANE ONLY \$ 198 Complete plane, engine and fuel



MODERN! / FAST! THRILLING!

A REAL JET ENGINE BURNS SOLID FUEL FOR MAXIMUM THRUST, WORKS LIKE REAL AIR FORCE JETS

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